

RVB:Truth Is

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Summary: Simmons is starting to feel that there is something more to Sarge then he was led to believe, he doesn't know what or why, but he plans of finding out.

1. Chapter 1

Truth is

****A/N:** i don't own anything, even the idea for this chapter belongs to my boyfriend, i just wrote it, and he said i should post it so i did, don't get mad at me cause its another new story, sigh, anyways comment we would love to hear what you think of this...um...story o /o i feel so wrong writing this cause i don't support the pairing .**

Chapter 1: suspicion

It was a long day at blood gulch, and it didn't look like it was going to get any better. Sarge had already fixed the warthog for what seemed like the thousandth time, and even though Simmons was enthusiastic about helping he was almost as useless as Grif, telling Sarge how to fix his jeep, all he wanted was someone with hands who could hand him tools when he called for it.

"Alright Simmons, we're done here," Sarge said as he rolled out from underneath the warthog, he looked into the direction of blue base and smiled smugly as the thought of their demise danced in his head.

"We did a great job sir, though i don't think your modifications will work," Simmons smiled as he took off his helmet, and scratched at his head.

Sarge glared at the young man; however he couldn't help but smile when he saw the great work his did, turning Simmons into a cyborg.

"It doesn't matter Simmons," Sarge nodded his head then walked back into the base, "as long as it kills those dirty blues."

Maybe it was all in his head, but Simmons could have sworn that something was off about his boss, and sighed it was one of those days where once in a while Sarge would be all mellow. Simmons had always tried to express himself to Sarge, but even his mellow days he doesn't want to talk to him. Simmons thought that he would try talking to his boss again; maybe he could get through the base following Sarge he was going to call to him but the idea of having a private chat with Sarge in his room was beginning to sound better than just talking in the halls where it would always end with Sarge telling him he doesn't have time to talk then leaving Simmons in the middle of the halls with Grif laughing. This time it was going to be different.

Sarge had entered his room and closed the door, he would have locked it, but he knew no one would be dumb enough to barge into his room. He began to talk off his helmet when he heard the door open.

"Sarge..." Simmons started but was stopped by what he saw in front of him. His jaw went slack and his eyes looked like they were going to pop out of its sockets.

Sarge glared at Simmons, angry blue eyes locked with Simmons's brown eyes, Sarge gritted his teeth.

"Sarge, You're a fuck you're a fuck!" Simmons never finished his sentence for Sarge had thrown his shotgun at his forehead, knocking Simmons to the ground unconscious.

Sarge growled deep in his throat as he shoved the helmet back on his head, "Damn it Simmons now I have to erase your memories," he said meaning only half of what he said.

When Simmons woke up he was in the middle of the hall, his head hurt but he didn't know why or how he got on the floor.

"Simmons!" Sarge started. "You need to stop running into walls," he chuckled then walked back into his room.

Simmons cocked his head to the side, and looked down, there sat his helmet the visor peering up into the young man's face mockingly. He sighed picked up the helmet and jammed it back onto his head. Sarge was right, he needed to stop running into walls, wait why was he running into walls? Simmons shrugged the thought away and walked down towards the kitchen, maybe a glass of water would clear his mind.

"So ran into a wall again?" Grif asked with a smug smile.

"Yeah, don't look so smug at least Sarge cares enough to warn me not to do it again," Simmons snapped.

"Yeah, well, if you would stop being such a kiss ass you wouldn't need to be warned," Grif snapped back.

Simmons sighed, Grif was right, but there was something about Sarge that just drew him to him. He didn't quite understand it, and he

didn't believe he was gay; no it was because he thought of Sarge as a father. Simmons paused in his thinking, and grabbed at his head, why did the word 'father' not seem to fit anymore.

"Grif, have you ever noticed how Sarge acts differently on some days, or that once every month I'm running into walls?" Simmons asked.

Grif shrugged; "should i care?" he asked sounding bored out of his mind. "Look if Sarge wants to change up a bit i don't care, it's those days where i don't have to do anything, so don't ruin it for me."

"What the hell do you mean?" Simmons snapped. "You don't do anything anyways!"

"Yeah, so don't fuck that up, the last time you did i had to embarrass myself in front of both teams for a damn surrender," Grif huffed, plopping another cookie into his mouth.

Simmons glared at Grif, and pulled on his arm. "Oh no, you need to start taking care of yourself, I'm not having you ruin my body parts!" Simmons yelled as he pulled the arguing man outside, however the whole Sarge thing was starting to drive him Crazy.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2: In your face!

Even though the sun never set on this planet, the men all had regulation sleeping times, however people like Grif slept whenever they feel like. Simmons tossed and turned in his bed, it wasn't the softest bed he had slept on, and ever since Sarge did that operation on him, he just couldn't sleep.

He sat up in his bed and sighed. Even though he got his own room, like the rest of the men in this canyon, he couldn't help but wish someone had shared his room with him. He needed someone to talk to, sadly the only one he could talk to was Grif. He groaned as he ran his only human hand through his short brown hair. He really didn't want to talk to Grif, but Donut talks too much and Sarge was acting weird. He forced himself up and out of his room, heading towards the only room that looked like crap even before you walked in.

"You need to stop this," came Grif's voice. He sounded serious, and stern, a side of him that Simmons didn't even know existed.

"Humph, and why not, he should know by now that I need my space, and to stay the hell out of my room," sneered an unfamiliar voice, however the tone was so similar to someone he knew, but he couldn't put a name to it. Simmons decided to listen a bit more, but the door opened and Simmons was face to face with Grif, who was shocked at first but his eyes narrowed at the cyborg, and Simmons had never seen Grif look so damn pissed.

"Fuck, what is it Simmons?" Grif asked then relaxed, his expression returning to that 'I don't care' look. "Can't you see I'm trying to get as much sleep as I can before Sarge tries to make me work?" he asked.

"Yeah, I think you can spare a couple of minutes," Simmons rolled his eyes. "Who were you talking to?"

Grif hesitated for a brief second, "my sister, she called me again, I had her on speaker cause I didn't feel like putting my helmet on," he shrugged.

"Oh?" Simmons asked, not really believing what he was being told. It didn't sound like sister, but he'll play along for now.

"Yeah Tucker keeps sneaking into her room, she keeps telling him to stay out, he doesn't get it, so she throws things at his head knocking him out."

For a moment Simmons felt bad for Grif's sister. She may not be the brightest, but even a girl like her deserves some privacy. Grif turned away from Simmons, heading back to his room.

"Hey, can we talk?" Simmons asked.

Grif turned around and ran his hand through his hair, well Simmons's old hand.

"Uh, yeah sure, whatever, can we go somewhere else?" Grif asked a bit nervous.

"Why not your room?" he asked trying to get a peek at the inside of Grif's room, however the young man in front of him had blocked Simmons's line of sight.

"It's uh, messy, let's go to the kitchen," he offered.

Simmons gave him a questioned look but shook his head and sighed. "Sure, whatever."

Grif led the way to the kitchen, looking back at his dimly lit room with an apologetic look. Simmons rolled his eyes, figuring that Grif just wanted to sleep again.

_But he decided to move the conversation away from his room, where he could have easily passed out during our chat, _he thought. _Maybe he really is my friend;_ Simmons smiled, taking a seat in one of the many chairs in the eating area.

Grif had gotten a small snack from the fridge then slumped down into the chair next to Simmons's.

_ Maybe not, _he thought as he saw the large stack of snack food in front of him 'friend'

Grif noticed Simmons looking at him and he shrugged. "A man got to eat," he explained. "So what is it you want to talk about, I do have to sleep too," he smiled lightly.

"Oh, yeah, sorry," Simmons started. "It's just that I can't seem to sleep, like my brain is trying to remember something important but all I get is fuzzy images and muffled voices," he sighed looking down at his hands with a depressed sigh.

Grif didn't answer at first, but Simmons could have sworn he heard him curse under his breath. Simmons looked up just in time to see his friend pop a cooled Oreo into his mouth.

"Look I don't know what to do, just ignore it, it is so important, then you would have seen more than blobs," he shrugged taking a sip of his milk.

Simmons thought about it for a while, maybe Grif was right, maybe he was troubling himself over nothing. Perhaps it was nothing.

"Yeah, I guess you're right," Simmons said weakly then with a long yawn he stood up, thanked Grif then walked off towards the bedrooms.

On the way to his room he heard someone talking faintly. He looked around; but sounded like the person Grif claimed was his sister. Surly it was nothing, maybe Grif forgot to hang up? Most likely, this meant that he would need to go shut it off before he runs its energy life down to zero again.

As he got closer to Grif's room the voice was louder, and had a familiar accent. He thought nothing by it, thinking that once again he was over thinking. He opened the room door and walked in, the voice cut short in what he believed to be a string of long worded curses. Simmons picked up the discarded orange helmet blinking a few times as he found out that the helmet had been off for hours so who was he hearing?

"Don't you dare look up boy," the voice said harshly.

Simmons did as he was told.

"Turn around, and leave," she said calming down a bit.

The curiosity level in Simmons's head was too high for him to ignore, and he had failed to complete the order. _Curiosity killed the cat Dick, just follow orders, tell Sarge, and..._He wasn't able to finish the thought.

"Damn it Simmons! What have I told you about wasting my time, get moving!" The female yelled.

"Sorry sir!" Simmons yelled back; straighten out, his eyes widened as he saw the familiar blue eyes, dark skin and black hair. The woman had her hands over her mouth realizing what she had done far too late to stop it.

"W-who are you?" Simmons asked

"Fuck, and me without my shotgun," she growled, looking around the messy room frantically.

"S...Sarge?" Simmons asked taking a step closer to her, his head running through the many scenes of his fogged memory, trying to make sense of what was going on.

"Damn it and I just promised myself I wasn't going to hurt you," she whispered to herself, before she picked up the closest, heaviest object in the room. Weighing it in her hands, before she stood ready

to attack.

"Luna, don't!" Grif's voice rang into the room, loud, and concerned. Grif moved himself between Luna and Simmons.

"Grif, what the hell is going on here, which is that?" He asked frantically.

"Uh look, go to bed, we'll talk about this later," Grif said pushing Simmons out the door.

"No!" Simmons protested. "I won't wait, you know something, and you lied to me!"

"Move aside dirt bag, I'll take care of this," Luna said darkly.

Grif turned his head towards Luna. "Sorry sir, but I'll handle this," he looked back at Simmons who was still glaring at him and sighed. "Fine, come on we'll talk on the roof."

Simmons allowed himself to be pushed out of the room, and to the roof of red base. Once there he stopped, Grif continued to walk. He didn't stop till he was at the edge of the building, leaning on one of the low walls. He took out a pack of cigarettes and held his hand out, offering one to Simmons.

"You know I don't smoke," he said harshly.

"Yeah, well, you might want to," Grif smirked.

"Tell me who that was, and why you lied to me," Simmons demanded.

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3: Denial

Grif didn't say anything for a long time; he never expected it to be so damn hard. All he had to do was tell Simmons the truth.

"How long have you known?" Simmons asked.

"Known about what?"

"About Luna, is she related to Sarge, Does he know?" Simmons demanded not wanting to believe that the man he wished to call father, was really a woman.

Grif looked at Simmons not sure if he should be ashamed or relieved. "Simmons, I have known since I first woke up after the surgeryâ€|She didn't want anyone to know," Grif replied with a light shrug.

"And Sarge knows about her?" Simmons choked.

"Yeah, let's go with that, if you're all done you should go to bed," Grif offered.

Simmons rubbed his eyes, even though the sun was shining bright on

them. The maroon soldier felt like the world was getting dark and darker. He knew he wasn't going to be able to stay awake, even if he wanted to.

"Simmons go to bed," Grif smiled slightly, urging his friend to get some sleep.

"Yeah, I'll do that," Simmons yawned; he nodded his head and was walking down the stairs before he turned his head back to Grif. "This is just a bad dream right?" He asked.

"Yeah Simmons, just a bad dream, when you wake up, everything will be normal again," A part of him was trying to help, but he knew that if Simmons believed him, he'll never let the soldier down on it.

Simmons smiled halfheartedly as he continued down the stairs into the inner sanctum of red base. Grif followed after him; wanting to be sure the cyborg didn't cause any more trouble. Simmons walked past all the rooms, his eyes focusing on Grif's semi opened door, the yellow light spilling out of the crack and a portion of a silhouette showing towards the edge.

"It's just a dream," Simmons said to himself as he continued walking down the gray halls of the base.

"Night," Grif said, stopping by his door."

"Night Grif, so uhâ€|this dreamâ€|"

"Won't be happening again, no more eating before bed," Grif said rubbing the back of his neck.

Simmons nodded his head then went into his room, closing the door behind him.

Grif sighed, shaking his head slightly as he entered his own room. Luna was on his bed legs crossed and arms behind her head. She turned her attention to Grif a deep frown on her tanned face.

"Don't look at me like that," Grif sighed rubbing his head with his hands.

"What look?" Luna puffed, turning her head away from Grif.

Neither one of them spoke for a moment; Grif didn't even bother to move.

"You told him soldier?" Luna asked darkly.

"I tried," Grif said receiving a death glare from Luna "Butâ€|He wouldn't accept it, and now he thinks it's all a dream, so," He walked closer to Luna, his feet pushing past the junk on the floor.

"So what?" Luna demanded pushing herself up on her elbows.

"So I told him it was just a dream, in the morning he won't believe that what he saw was real, which means, you have to be more careful, spend more time with Simmons."

There was another long pause before Luna got out of the bed and walked out the door. She didn't say anything and didn't even bother to look at Grif.

"Luna!"

"Shut up dirtbag, or I'll have Simmons poison your food," Luna growled, leaving the orange clad soldier alone in his room.

Grif smiled slightly as he watched Luna walk out. He knew that tomorrow was going to be weird Not like everyday weird, but 'I'm not sure how to approach this,' weird.

"Well no sense in worrying about it now, best just get back to bed before Sarge wakes me up for some odd reason," he yawned falling into his bed and going to sleep. He didn't bother with the lights, after a while they would turn off on their own.

"Wake up boys!" Sarge's deep voice rang through the halls of red base. Its occupants reluctantly waking up, well almost all of them.

Simmons blinked his one normal eye twice, his body turning on after a simple hibernation. He yawned still feeling tired, but in a better mood than he thought he would have been. He stood up and walked to the kitchen. Grif was just sitting down at the counter with his own meal, he looked tired, and like always he didn't want to get up. He looked up at Simmons for a moment before looking back down at his cereal, sighing and closing his eyes as he took a big bite. Donut was skipping into the kitchen, his normal cheery grin spread across his face. The only one who wasn't here was Sarge. Simmons looked around wondering if what happened last night was really a dream.

"Hurry up and get dressed maggots!" Sarge boomed. "We're going to test the new advancements on the warthog today, test it on those dirty blues!" he laughed walking into the kitchen, taking his food then leaving.

Grif groaned in annoyance, Donut simply enjoyed the preparations of his breakfast. Leaving Simmons alone to his thoughts, he stared after Sarge his gaze moving down his superior officer's body. He was looking to see if there were any real changes to his walk, if his hips swayed, things you would find on a woman.

"Are you staring at Sarge's butt?" Donut asked as he took his seat at the table.

Simmons flushed red, embarrassed that he had been caught staring. "No," he protested. "Why would I be staring at his ass?"

Donut smiled that knowing smile before he sipped at the contents of his morning mug.

Grif was quiet for a moment, eating his food eerily slow. Simmons turned towards the fridge, which in turn allowed him to see Grif in his eerie silence. He gave Grif a questioned look, worried for a moment. Grif looked up at him, and shrugged as if saying it was nothing, that everything was going to be as it always was. Simmons didn't push their silent conversation any further. He grabbed some

food and sat next to Grif at the counter, content with just sitting there.

"I don't see why we even bother with fighting the blues, it's a waste of time, and I'd rather be sleeping."

"Don't you think you sleep enough Grif?" Simmons asked, "Besides that's orders, we follow them, and it would make Sarge happy if sâ€|.he?" Simmons paused for a moment a look of confusion clear on his face.

He spoke, stumbled and he wondered why, what he had was a stupid dream. For some reason it didn't register with him, he didn't understand why it had bothered him so much.

Grif watched as Simmons slipped into that quiet confusion. "Simmons, you there?" He asked waving his hand in front of the cyborgs face.

Simmons blinked; he stared at Grif for a moment before he smiled slightly and nodded his head. "I'm here, so; let's get ready to go right?"

Grif shrugged, as he placed his dishes into the sink.

"Yeah, let's get humiliated again," He groaned, knowing that he would be the one to be humiliated.

"Just one of those weeks," Donut piped in.

Simmons and Grif turned to face Donut. The pink soldier just smiled at them before leaving the kitchen, nearly skipping to his room to get his armor on. Simmons looked at Grif, and Grif looked down shaking his head before he left the kitchen to get changed as well. This of course left Simmons alone with his thoughtsâ€|again.

"One of those weeks?" He thought out loud.

Grif was halfway done changing, after that operation they had to get him a new size of armor. He sighed as he picked up his helmet; a bit of worry was clear in his actions. What Donut said had gotten to him, what normally wouldn't have given the situation he was now in.

"Why did it have to be me?" he groaned.

"Because, you're the only one I know who wouldn't make a fuss over it," Luna said, she was wearing the red armor Sarge always wore, except for the dark brown feather behind her ears. She was just a mental image in Grif's mind, but more real than if she was standing right in front of him.

"Why not tell Simmons?" He asked. If anyone saw him they would think he was talking to himself.

"Because I didn't want him to start flirting with me, you're the only one who wouldn't care and carry on like it was nothing," Luna replied.

"Then why do you insist on coming and seeing me, when you know how dangerous it is, I thought you hated me."

"I didn't know any other way to express myself." Sarge said from outside Grif's door, there was a long pause between the two before she spoke up again. "Was just seeing if you were still around dirt bag," Sarge added quickly once Grif turned to face him.

"Express yourself?" Grif asked. "What could confuse you Sarge, where the only way you can express yourself is with threats, putting me down and humiliating me?"

Sarge turned around and walked away, ignoring Grif's question. "I better see you in that warthog Grif," he said before leaving.

"So fucking typical of you," Grif sighed.

If it wasn't for Sarge's secret Grif probably would have quit smoking, but the stress of it all left him little to no choice. He figured he had maybe half an hour for a smoke, so he was going to take it.

Climbing to the roof of red base, Grif sat against one of the walls and pulled out his pack of cigarettes out and a lighter.

"Out of all the things we don't seem to run out of, this might be one of the best, shame they can't send more food," he said talking to himself.

Simmons was cleaning his armor before putting it on, it was regulation, and rules had to be followed. He looked up at his clock, knowing Grif and Donut; he had thirty minutes to get ready. This meant he had fifteen minutes to get ready five to find Sarge, and ten minutes to try to hold a conversation with their leader. Smiling he put his helmet on and walked out the door, catching a glimpse of Sarge down the hall. Simmons walked after him, believing that his luck had changed.

"Sarge!" Simmons called out chasing after the elder man. "Sarge wait up, I have something to talk to you about!"

Sarge didn't respond or react in any way to Simmons. He walked out of the base and sat inside the driver's seat of the warthog. He pulled out his shotgun and checked to see if he needed to put in anymore rounds. Simmons walked outside, taking time to make it look like he wasn't running to catch up.

"Sarge, I'm ready," He announced.

"Good job Simmons!" Sarge congratulated. "Where are is the pink fairy and the dirtbag?"

"Probably still getting ready, Grif is most likely eating, smoking or hiding," Simmons responded.

Sarge grunted, it wasn't really the answer he was looking for. Taking a cloth from his belt he started cleaning his shotgun as he spoke.

"Tch, typical, Simmons!"

"Yes sir?"

Good job Simmons, being the only soldier who follows orders," Sarge

said before making the sound receivers on his helmet go down to the bare minimum needed to tell when Simmons was done kissing ass.

"Sarge I'm just glad that we can spend this time alone, and I just wanted to tell youâ€|" Simmons was finishing what his ongoing ass kissing.

Sarge lifted his helmet just in time to see Donut come up, the pink clad soldier skipped over to them and looked around, he wanted to know where he was going to sit, but being the polite person he was, he was going to wait for Grif to show up.

the tired soldier exhaled, pushing out a puff of smoke out from between his lips.

"Yeah, i'm not quite ready to leave just yet..." he muttered as he put out the cigarette. "Not like I get a choice in the matter."

He pushed himself off of the metal wall and stretched out, his eyes scanning the sky, just taking in the vast blue and puffs of white. What he'd give to get off this dump. He closed his eyes as the wind blew in his face. "It's too nice of a day to have to fight."

"Grif! get your fat ass down here! We have blues to fight!" Sarge's voice boomed from behind him.

Grif looked down and saw Sarge standing there with arms crossed, he sighed and gave a single wave to his boss. "I'm coming," he replied, sticking his smokes into an opening between his armor and body suit. Easy access for when he really needed it.

As he left the building Simmons cleared his throat. "I call..."

"Shotgun," Grif called out lifting his hand half heartedly as he took his seat in the passenger's seat.

"Where am I going to sit Sarge?" Donut asked.

Sarge took his spot in the driver's seat and looked at Donut. "You'll be staying here, in the off-chance that I need to come back for reinforcements."

"Alright Sarge you can count on me!"

Sarge grinned behind his helmet and started the warthog, waiting for simmons to get onto the turret before he moved out to the blue base.

End
file.